Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hoster, and a boy.

Host. I prethee sweet heart,
Let me bring thee so farre as *Staines*,
Pist. No fur, no fur.
Bar. Well, sir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.
Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide;
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as stone.
Nim. They say he cride out on Sacke.
Host. I that he did.
Boy. And of women.
Host. No that he did not.
Boy. Yes that he did, & sed they were diuels incarnste.
Host, Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.
Host. Indeed he d id in some sort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.
Boy. Hostes, do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* nose, and sed it was a blacke soule
Burning in hell?

Bard.

Bar. Well, God be wi
That was all the wealth I
Nim. Shall we shog of
The king will be gone fro
Pist. Cleare vp thy crif
Looke to my chattels and
Trust none; the word is p
Mens words are wafer ca
And hold fast is the onely
Therefore cophetua be th
Touch her soft lips and pa
Bar. Farewell hostesse.
Nim. I cannot kis, and
But adieu.
Pist. Keepe fast thy bug

Enter King of Fr
a

King. Now you Lords
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of Engl
For he is footed on this La
Dolphin. My gracious
Tis meete we all go foort
And arme vs against the fo
And view the weake and
But let vs do it with no sh
No with no more, then if
England were troubled w
For my good Lord, she is
Her scepter so fantastical
So guided by a shallow h
That feare attends her no
Con. O peace Prince Do